

# Mechanical Poet, Aztec Zombies

This howl again!  
These things will never lose my track  
I need to run amain  
Before they find me and attack

Across the wilds at reckless speed  
No time to stay and wait  
A dead king's locket in my kit  
It's pulling them like bait

Lost between the pit and heavens  
Prophets of impending doom  
Crawling wights in evening shadows  
Faceless guards at royal tomb

Two weeks have passed  
It seems that I have gone astray  
How long it's gonna last?  
What price I have to pay?

Tonight I heard them scouring  
Round the rock that caused my Jeep to wreck  
The charm won't let them settle down  
But I can't give it back

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This endless chasing drives me mad  
The howl makes me ill  
I have no power to withstand  
I'm wasted, come what will

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